A Copy of Verſes delivered to a Miniſter of the Church of *England*, whilſt he was Officiating the Divine Service of Thanksgiving, Appointed by His Majeſty, *September* the 9th. 1683.

YOU Hypocrites leave off your Pranks,
To Murther Men, and then give Thanks.
Forbear your Tricks, purſue no further;
For God accepts no Thanks for Murther.

An Anſwer written on Sight, by a Loyal Hand.

YOU damn'd *Phanatiques*, leave off your Cants;
You ne're ſhall paſs for *Proteſtants*.
Though *CHARLES* the Father you did Murther,
Forbear the Son, and Plot no further.

Leave off your **Damn'd Aſſociations**,
Your **Solemn Leagues** and **Proteſtations**:
So long as God your Tricks defeat,
Our Daily Thanks **We Will Repeat.**

LONDON,

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